



No. 77 A HIT! MANHUNTER



ND

Adventure COMICS

AUG.

10¢





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reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

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WHEN THAT AIR RAID COMES!

LITTLE OSCAR'S FIRST AIR RAID

By **Lydia Mead**

With drawings by **Oscar Fabres**

It's hard to believe that anything about air raids can be funny—but this book *is*. To begin with, it has very amusing pictures on every page, pictures of funny-looking little Oscar, and other people, too, doing all sorts of things which would seem mighty strange if there weren't an air raid.

It's surprising how much you can learn in this amusing book about what not to do and what to do and how to do if an air raid comes: how to handle incendiary bombs; how to help you air raid warden; how to take care of your pets in a blackout; how to get yourself rescued if you are trapped in a hit building.

The print is large and clear, and there isn't much of it on each page; but what there is tells you all you need to know, and the pictures tell the rest.

You can get this book at your library, or, better still, you may want to own a copy of it and keep it to look at again and again. It comes in an inexpensive paper-covered edition, too, that can be found on newstands.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

**GWGZ NQZAB TQVM WN LMNMVAM QA BPM
TQVM IB BPM EQVLWE AMTTQVO ABIUXA IVL
JWVLA!**

STARMAN

by Jack
Burnley

FINDER'S KEEPERS!
HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU
SHOUTED THE PHRASE AS
YOU SPIED A COIN OR A
WALLET ON THE STREET?
AND YET—COULD YOU HAVE
KNOWN THE HORRIBLE FATE
THAT OVERTOOK ALL OTHERS
WHO VOICED THAT SAME
CRY, YOU WOULD HAVE
TURNED AND FLED! WITH
CURIOUS FIENDISHNESS,
THE MIST PLOTS THE
PERFECT CRIME! HIS
PLANTED LURES ENTRAP
THE UNWARY—BUT
STARMAN PULLS A STRING
AND THE MIST IS AGAIN
EMBROILED WITH HIS
OLD ENEMY!



A BIG HOUSE GUARD PATROLS THE AISLES BETWEEN BARRED CELLS—SUDDENLY—





A GROTESQUE SHADOW CAST BY AN INVISIBLE FIGURE CREEPS SILENTLY DOWN THE DARK JAIL CORRIDOR--



THEY DON'T KNOW ONE OF MY BOYS SLIPPED ME SOME WYSD-SOLUTION IN AN INVISIBLE BOTTLE! I PAINTED THE CELL WITH IT AND MYSELF AS WELL!



A HORRIBLE BONY HEAD MATERIALIZES FLOATING ON MISTY CLOUDS, AND WATCHES THE GUARDS AS THEY RUSH PAST!

THE FLOOR'S INVISIBLE! WHO HAD THIS CELL?



THE MIST? I'LL BET HE GOT HOLD OF SOME SOLUTION THAT MAKES THINGS TRANSPARENT! YES THAT'S HOW HE DID IT!

THE MIST HAS ESCAPED FROM HIS CELL!



WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM! THE SEARCHLIGHT CAN'T SPOT AN INVISIBLE MAN!

GUARDS SEARCH THE GROUNDS IN VAIN FOR THE GHOSTLY FUGITIVE!

LATER-AT ONE OF GANGLAND'S SECRET HIDEOUTS-

UHP! THE DOOR'S OPENIN' AND NOBODY'S THERE!



YOU'RE MISTAKEN, WHITEY!



IT'S THE MIST COME BACK FROM JAIL, THANKS TO YOUR HAVING SLIPPED ME SOME INVISIO-SOLUTIONS! NOW WE'LL START COININ' THE DOUGH AGAIN!

THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES!

A JAIL CELL IS A MIGHTY FINE PLACE FOR THINKING, GENTLEMEN! IT SHOULD BE A REQUIRED COURSE FOR EVERY CRIMINAL--I THOUGHT OF A WONDERFUL SCHEME WHILE I WAS IN THERE! LISTEN!



LATE THAT NIGHT, A HOMEWARD-BOUND BANK TELLER FINDS A WALLET.

FINDER'S KEEPERS! HUH, I'D BETTER TURN IT OVER TO THE POLICE, BUT IT'S SO LATE, TOMORROW WILL DO!



FAR BETTER FOR HUBERT CORDIN HAD HE GONE TO THE POLICE--FOR AS HE PREPARES FOR SLUMBER, THE WALLET GLOWS WEIRDLY--



MUST HAVE PHOSPHORUS ON IT--FUNNY--I'M SORT OF TIRED ALL OF A SUDDEN--

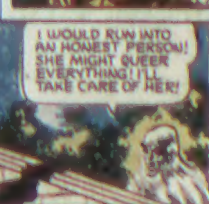
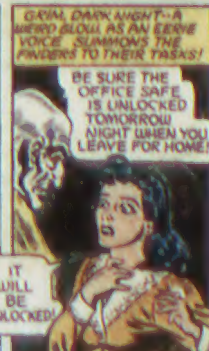


SLEEP WELL--SLEEP DEEP AND OBEY MY INSTRUCTIONS! TOMORROW, AT THE BANK REMOVE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND COME TO ME, THE MIST!



THE FOLLOWING DAY--AT THE BANK--

I'VE BEEN HONEST ALL MY LIFE, YET SOMETHING IS MAKING ME STEAL THIS MONEY! I CAN'T HELP MYSELF!



YOU SHOULD NEVER MENTION CRIME OR VIOLENCE TO ME, DORIS! IT'S BAD FOR MY NERVES TO HEAR ABOUT SUCH THINGS! I'M AFRAID ONE OF MY DIZZY SPELLS IS COMING ON!

IF YOU'RE THAT SICK YOU'D BETTER TAKE ME HOME AT ONCE! I'M NOT GOING TO SIT AROUND ALL EVENING WHILE YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT YOUR IMAGINARY ILLMENTS AND FEEL SORRY FOR YOURSELF!

AFTER ESCORTING DORIS TO HER HOME, TED BUYS THE LATEST NEWSPAPER...

THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT THESE CRIMES! THE CULPRIT ALWAYS REMEMBERS FINDING SOMETHING VALUABLE—THEN COMES THE IMPULSE TO STEAL!

NEWS

NEUTRAL
A CRIME
WAVE



THAT PAPER SAID HONEY JENKINS JUST FOUND A RING WORTH A FORTUNE AND GAVE IT TO THE POLICE! I HAVE A HUNCH SHE MAY BE THE NEXT TO FIND HERSELF INVOLVED IN THIS CRIME WAVE!

HURRYING TO HIS APARTMENT, TED KNIGHT CHANGES TO THE FLAME-COLORED RAIMENT OF THE MAN OF NIGHT. STRAIGHTAWAY, AGAIN HE STREAKS THROUGH A STAR-STUDDED SKY!

STRAIGHTAWAY DORIS DROPS IN AT THE HOME OF HONEY JENKINS...

WHAT!—IS THAT A DANCE, OR IS SHE HAVING A FIT?



— THEN HIS KEEN EYES DISCERN VAGUE, SHADOWY FORMS CLUTCHING AT THE STRUGGLING GIRL—

LET ME GO!

COME ALONG NOW, OR YOU REALLY WILL GET HURT!



IN THE ASTRAL LIGHT OF THE GRAVITY POO THE INVISIBLE SOLUTION FAILS TO FUNCTION!

YOU HEARD THE LADY! LET HER GO!

OHH!







HERE,
I AM
PREPARED
FOR ANYTHING

A LONELY OLD WINDMILL,
SEEMINGLY DESERTED, DRAWS
THE MIST TO ITS CREAKING SOLITUDE.



MEN! MEN!
WHERE ARE
YOU?



STARMAN IS
AFTER US!
IF YOU SIGHT
HIM--USE
THE ANTI-
AIRCRAFT
MACHINE
GUNS I'VE
INSTALLED!

I CAN PICK A HUMMIN'
BIRD OFF WITH THEM
GUNS!

YEAH!
WE'LL
STOP HIM
ALL RIGHT!



MEAN-
WHILE--

NO!
NO!

EVEN RATS CAN SQUEAL--
SO START SQUEALING
ABOUT WHERE
I CAN
FIND THE MIST?

HE'D
KILL
US!



OH, HE WILL, WILL HE? MY, ISN'T
THAT TOO BAD! DO YOU KNOW
WHAT I'LL
DO TO
YOU?



WHEN YOU
LOOK LIKE
THAT--I'LL
TELL YOU
ANYTHING!

ME, TOO! HE'S
HIDING OUT IN AN
OLD WINDMILL!
FIGURES NOBODY
WOULD EVER THINK
OF LOOKIN' IN THAT
FOR HIM!



YOU FELLOWS HAD
BETTER TELL YOUR
STORY TO F.B.I. CHIEF
ALLEN! WE'LL PAY
HIM A VISIT!



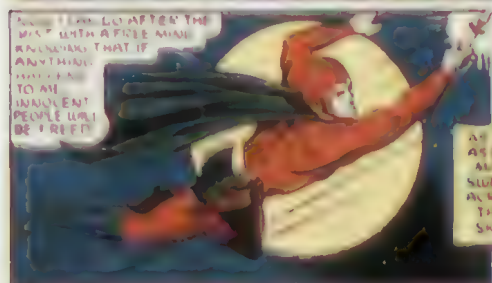
ARE YOU
WORRYING ME?

ELLULAR MOMENTS
THEY WERE MYSTICAL
INDUCED BY THE MIST!
THESE MEN WILL TELL
YOU SO THEMSELVES!



YOU MUST WARN
THE PUBLIC AGAINST
RETAINING ANYTHING
THEY FIND IT'S
DANGEROUS! I'M
GOING AFTER
THE MIST!

I'LL
GUARANTEE
THE MIST



NO, I'LL GO AFTER THE
MIST WITH A FREE MIND
KNOWING THAT IF
ANYTHING
HAPPENS
TO AN
INNOCENT
PEOPLE WILL
BE I REEF

AS THE
ASTRA
ALBA
SLEEPS
ACROSS
THE
SKY



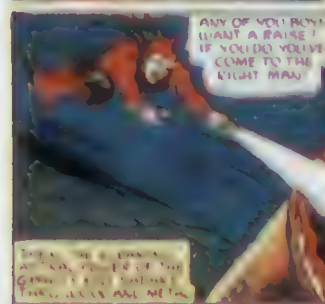
METAL GEARS, STEEL, AND THE MIST
WILL SAVE THE TOWER AND THE
RE... (The rest of the text is cut off)

HERE HE
COMES

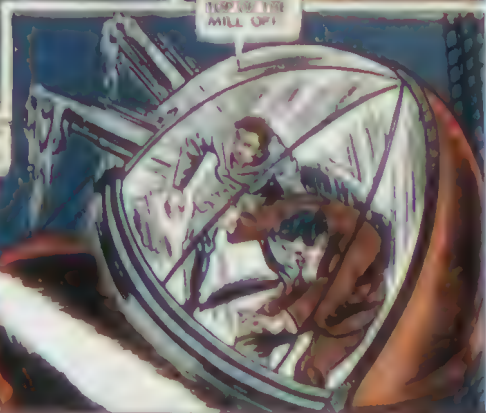


A HIDDEN MACHINE GUN
NEST! THE STELLAR ENERGY
OF MY GRAVITY ROD WILL
MELT THOSE GUN BARRELS!

YEEOW!
HE'S
CHOPPING
THE WHEEL
OFF THE
MILL OFF!



ANY OF YOU BOYS
WANT A RAISE?
IF YOU DO YOU'VE
COME TO THE
KNIGHT MAN



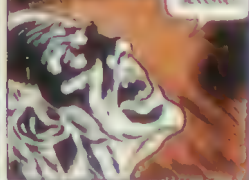
THEY ARE THE ONLY
A... (The rest of the text is cut off)

THE BOO MULLIES
THE GUNNERS OF THE
GUNNERS' RANG
RISES SHARPLY INTO
THE SKY AND SAYS

HERE'S YOUR
RAISE UP!

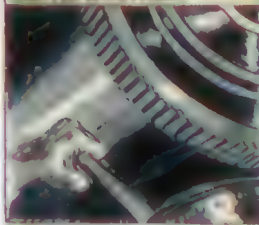
HAAALP!
WE'LL GO
SHOOTIN' UP
TO THE MOON

THEY'VE STOPPED
HOLDING THEM
THEY'VE GOT HIM
OR STACCAA
WILL HE HERE
ANY
SECOND!



HERE HE
COMES, NOW
IF I CAN
ONLY TIME
TO GET
RIGHT

A TOWN ONLY FARM PULLS A SWITCH
GEM'S TOWN AND THE NIGHT
LUMBER, SUDENLY, A TOWN
SUDENLY, A TOWN



DIDN'T
SEE
THAT
COMING!

THAT'S THE FINEST
STACCAA, AND NO ONE
WILL EVER CHALLENGE
MY GREATNESS AGAIN!



MY GOD, AN ENEMY KING, NO ONE
WILL HOLD ME BACK OF YOUR KNOWING
TO HOLD MY GOD, AND I'LL BE MY
NAME, AND I'LL BE THE
GREATEST CRIMINAL
ALIVE



WHEN MY SIDE IS BURNING
LIKE FIRE MUST HAVE TAKEN
A COUPLE OF HRS.



BUT THAT MIST IS
STILL HANGING AROUND
AND I'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM, SOMEHOW!

HOLDING
HIS
INJURED
SIDE, THE
BATMAN
ATTEMPTS
TO WALK
TOWARD
THE
DOOR OF
THE OLD
MILL.



STILL
ALIVE
BUT HE
WON'T
BE FOR
LONG!



HE'S SOMEWHERE
AROUND - INVISIBLE
AS USUAL!

A SECTION OF WALL OPENS, GREAT
CHAINS, LAARS AND EATERS AS THEY
DROP TO THE FLOOR, IN A HURRY.



CHAINS
LOOK LIKE
IT'S ALL
OVER BUT THE
SHOOTING.

I'LL DO THE SHOOTING STAPLER
AT LAST YOU'RE AT MY MERCY!

WELL IF IT ISN'T
THE HAZY HORROR
I THINK YOU
WERE LOST IN
A FOG!



THE MIST REMOVES
THE SWIRLING CLOAK
WHICH PAINTED WITH
IN A SOLID FOG
GIVE THE APPEARANCE
OF SHITTING CLOUDS
AN NEED FOR ME TO
HIDE NOW WITH YOUR
GUILTY ACT IN MY
POSSESSION AND YOU
IN A SOLID
STEEL
CHAINS!



AND YOU
WILL DIE
BY THE VERY
GUILTY ACT
WHICH HELPED
TO MAKE YOU
FAMOUS SLOWLY
I BRING IT DOWN
SLOWLY



THE POWERFUL ASTRAL LIGHT BEAM HITS THE POLISHED METAL CEILING AND REFLECTS DOWN STARMAN'S STEEL CHAINLET!



MY EYES-BLINDING BY REFLECTED LIGHT!

THANKS FOR KEEPING THAT CEILING POLISHED! IT LET ME CATCH THE LIGHT-SEE! CONCENTRATE IT AT YOUR EYES! NOW TO GET THE ROD!



STARMAN'S SIGHTS THE LOOSE CHAIN FORWARD!

THE WEIGHT OF THE CHAIN BUCKLES IT FORTH THE MIST'S RELAXING FINGERS. A GLEAM OF YELLOW METAL AND THE ASTRAL MAN SNAKES FORTH A HAND TO MEET IT!



COME TO PAPA, BABY!

LIKE A WARM KNIFE SLIDING THROUGH BUTTER, THE ROD EATS THROUGH THE LINKS OF THE CHAIN AND STARMAN STEPS OUT FREE!



I WON'T NEED ANY POS LIGHTS TO SEE YOU THIS TIME!

LATER, THE MAN OF NIGHT BRINGS IN HIS DUNNIE PRISONER TO FBI HEADQUARTERS



ONLY A BUSTED RIB! A FEW DAYS IN BED WILL FIX THAT UP! I THINK YOU CAN HAVE THOSE PRISONERS RELEASED NOW!

YOU GOT HIM, BUT YOU'RE HURT!

NEXT DAY DORIS VISITS TED KNIGHT AT A GOTHAM HOSPITAL



YOU BROKE A RIB FALLING DOWNSTAIRS? STARMAN BROKE HIS CAPTURING THAT AWFUL MIST PERSON!

WELL, I GOT A HEADACHE FROM HEARING ABOUT HIM, DIDN'T I?



NEXT MONTH THE ASTRAL MAN AND DORIS PLATES A NEW TOWN OF HEROIC ADVENTURE AS HE DAZZLES HIS FOES WITH BLINDING STARDUST FROM THE DISTANT HEAVENS!

THE END

HOURMAN

by
BERNARD
BAILY

OF ALL THE DEADLY WEAPONS THAT HAVE STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF MAN, THE CLUB HAS BEEN THE MOST FEARED! IN ANCIENT TIMES, IT WAS -EROCLES' CLUB... YORE RECENTLY IT WAS THE FOLLOMAN'S CLUB. NOW - DAYS IT'S THE SWING CLUB!

HOURMAN

FINDS THAT OUT IN...
"THE CASE OF THE HI-JACKED HEP-CATS!"

and THORNDYKE

FOR
THE
MINUTE
MEN,
CRIME
NO
LONGER
STALKS
THE
CITY...
FOR
SPRING
IS IN
THE
AIR!

SAY, FELLOWS -
HOW ABOUT
GOING OVER TO
THE CLUBHOUSE
AND REHEARSIN'
OUR BAND?

THAT'S
AS WELL
OBS!

SURE
ME FINE!

I SEEN WANT TO PRACTICE.
I BOUGHT A BASS FIDDLE
AT THE HOOK SHOP THE
OTHER DAY AND I'M DYIN'
TO TRY IT OUT.

HEY, LOOK,
FOUR-EYES!
LOOK AT
THEM
GUYS!



HEY! WHAT
WAKE YOU
FELLOWS BEEN
DOIN' IN OUR
SWING CLUB?

AW, KEEP YOUR
HORN ON KO WE
JUST BEEN DE-
LIVERIN' A PIANNY
TO THE WRONG
ADDRESS

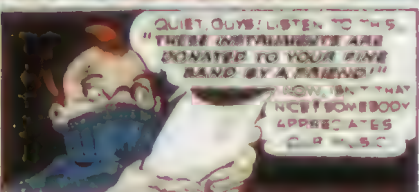
SOMEBODY'S DONE
AND CHANGED OUR
OLD INSTRUMENTS
FOR NEW ONES!

THERE'S
A NOTE
ON MY
DRUMS.

BUT THINGS ARE AMAZINGLY OKAY AT THE CLUB!



IT'S CHAY THORN-
DYKE FORGET IT!
LET'S GET IN THE
GROOVE!



QUIET, GUYS! LISTEN TO THIS
"THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE
DONATED TO YOUR FINE
BAND BY A FRIEND!"

HOW ABOUT THAT
NICE! SOMEBODY
APPRECIATES
OUR MUSIC



I DON'T WANT A NEW
SAXOPHONE I WANT MY
OLD HORN BACK I HAD
TALL BROKE
N JUST
RIGHT!

BUT RED,
WHERE WE
GONNA
FIND YOUR
HORN?

I KNOW! THEIR PIANNY
MOVERS WAS PHONEY
THEY GOT OUR IN-
STRUMENTS IN THAT
CASE COME ON!

BRUSH THEN
BRATS OFF
LOOEY!

I WAS NICE
O' YA TA
GIVE US TH--
OWW!!

BRAT
IT, KIDS!

HEY, MISTER!
RED WANTS -S
OLD HORN BACK
WE KNOW YOU
GOT IT!

LISTEN KIDS YA GOT NEW
ONES. THAT'S BETTER THAN
YOUR OLD RUN SO SCRAM!



HE WAS GONNA BE NICE ABOUT IT BUT IF YOU GUYS ARE GONNA GET TOUGH... SO ARE WE!

PYRAMID, MINUTE MEN!

I DON'T WANT YER NEW SAXOPHONE GIMME BACK MY HORN!

OIK!

THE MINUTE MEN GO INTO FORMATION

I TOLD YA TA BRUGH EM OFF, LOGEY HAMBONES GONNA BE SORE IF WE LET A PACK OF KIDS HOLD US UP!

START THE CAR! I'M GETTIN' RE OF EM!

AS THE HUMAN PYRAMID COLLAPSES...

HEY THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!

WHERE YOU GOIN', THORNDYKE?

AND THEY STILL GOT MY HORN!

THEY TWOOS AREN'T GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS! HOURMAN'S GONNA HEAR ABOUT IT!

AT THE HOME OF REX TYLER, THE SAD SAGA OF SAXOPHONES...

THAT'S THE STORY REX THEM GUYS JUST MATE MUSIC, WILL YOU HELP US?

OF COURSE THORNDYKE, I HAPPEN TO BE A MUSIC-LOVER MYSELF... EVEN OF YOUR MUSIC!

ONE BRIEF EXPOSURE TO MIRACLO, MYSTEROUS RAY OF POWER

HAVE YOU ANY MENTIONED A GUY BY THE NAME O' HAMBONE?

THAT'S HAMBONE HOBKINS THE RACKETEER WHO RUNS THE MET ARENARS A COVER-UP FOR HIS CROOKED WORK! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!

Production HOURMAN!

YOU'RE HOSKINS!
AREN'T YOU?
I WANT TO SEE
HIM AT ONCE!
HOURMAN! THE
IS A LEGIMATE
JOINT. YOU WANT
GOT NOTHIN ON US,
SO SERAN. HAM-
BONE DON'T WANNA
SEE YOU!

SORRY, BUT I THINK HOSKINS
S GOING TO OVE HOURMAN
A MINUTE OF HIS
PRECEDENCE

A LIGHTNING
LUNGE AND
HOURMAN
KNIVES
PAST THE
GUNMEN

HOSKINS MUST
BE AROUND
SOMEWHERE

WHERE'D THOSE
BOYS COME FROM?

OH-OH! LOOKS
LIKE WE GOT
INVOLVED IN
A TRACK-
MEET!

YOU AIN'T EN-
TERED IN THESE
BOYS' HOUR-
MAN!

SO OYA AND
IF AG GIVE YA
THE GATE!

A HAMMER! JUST
THE THING TO NAIL
YOU BOYS TO
THE GROUND!

SA-TSA! DON'T ANYONE
BETTER WARN YOU TO OUCH
WHEN A HAMMER-THROWER
WAGS UP!

OUCH! HURTS YOU
WORSEN! HURTS
ME CHUMP

SEIZING
A STRIPED
POLE, THE
SIXTY-
MINUTE
CRUSADER
SPRINTS
DOWN A
RUNWAY...

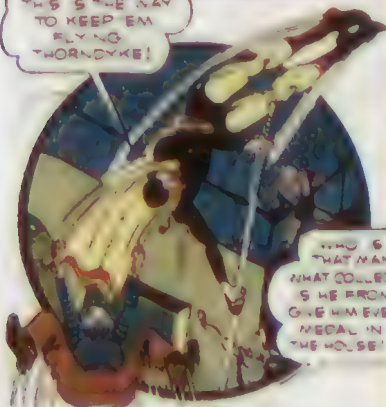
HANG ON, THORNDYKE!
WE'RE GOING UP TO THE
BALCONY! DON'T WANT
TO WASTE TIME WITH
THESE YEGGS!

WHEN DO
WE TAKE
OFF?

UH!

...AND VAULTS HIGH INTO THE AIR...

THIS IS THE WAY
TO KEEP 'EM
FLYING
THORNDYKE!



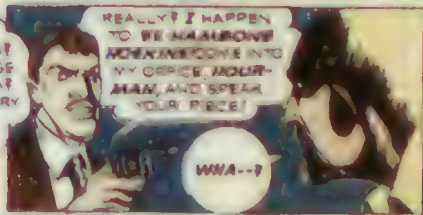
WHO'S
THAT MAN?
WHAT COULD
HE FROM?
GIVE HIM EVERY
MEDAL IN
THE HOUSE!

SORRY! WE'RE SO BUSY
MOONING HOODS
WE DIDN'T WATCH
WHERE WE WERE
GOING!



REALLY? I HAPPEN
TO BE HARBORING
NOMINATIONS INTO
MY OFFICE, HOUR-
MAN, AND SPEAK
YOUR PIECE!

WHA--?



INSIDE THE MAY-
STREET'S OFFICE...

I'D LIKE TO KNOW THE
REASON FOR THIS MYST-
ERIOUS EXCHANGE OF
INSTRUMENTS HOODING.



IT'S ALL A STAKE
IF THE BOYS WANT
THEIR OLD INSTRU-
MENTS BACK, THEY
CAN HAVE THEM!

WAIT A MINUTE! I KNOW EVERY
INSTRUMENT IN OUR BAND AND THIS
ISN'T ONE OF 'EM! THEY SWITCHED A
CLARINET ON US! I BET SOMETHIN'
CROOKED'S COOKIN'.



LATER...

PREY TO SUDDEN TERROR,
A THUG BLURTS OUT...

THEY'RE ON
TO THE BOSS
JOB BO...

SHUT
UP, YOU
FOOL!



I WANTED TO AVOID TROUBLE...
THAT'S WHY I PRETENDED TO BE
AN ANONYMOUS BENEFACTOR
WHEN I COULD HAVE STOLEN THE
CLARINET I WANTED! NOW--
YOU KNOW
TOO
MUCH!



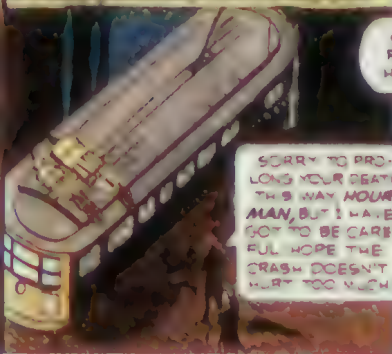
WHY WE
TAKING
THEM HERE
HARBORING?

HOURMAN AND THORNDYKE
ARE TAKEN TO AN
ADJOINING CAR-BARN...

BECAUSE YOU FOOL, I
WANT THEM FOUND DEAD
AS FAR FROM MY ARENA
AS POSSIBLE! I'M NOT
LOOKING FOR A
MILKMAID RAPI!



AS THE THUGS HURL THE HELPLESS, BOUND COMMANDOS TO THE ROOF OF A TROLLEY, NAKHROME STARTS THE CAR!



CAN THE
ROLL OFF,
HOURMAN?

SORRY TO PRO-
LONG YOUR DEATH,
THIS WAY HOUR-
MAN, BUT I HAVE
GOT TO BE CARE-
FUL HOPE THE
CRASH DOESN'T
HURT TOO MUCH!

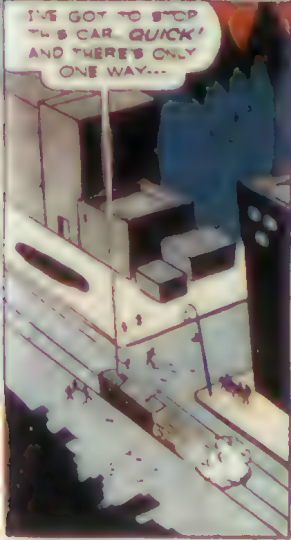
OOOHH!

RUNAWAY
TROLLEY!



LIKE A
MECHANICAL
MONSTER
THE CAR
ROARS
THROUGH
THE CITY!

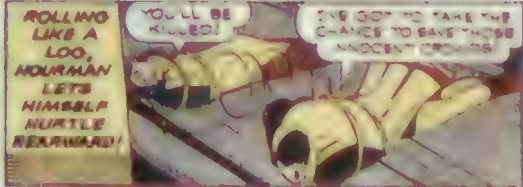
I'VE GOT TO STOP
THIS CAR, QUICK!
AND THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY...



ROLLING
LIKE A
LOO,
HOURMAN
LETS
HIMSELF
HURTLE
REARWARD!

YOU'LL BE
KILLED!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE
CHANCE TO SAVE THOSE
INNOCENT CROWDS.



THIS IS THE
BIGGEST
MOUTHFUL
I EVER
B'FORE

CHARGED DOWN BY HOUR-
MAN'S DAMNING WEIGHT,
THE POWER-ARM SALES FROM
THE OVERHEAD WIRE!



**SLOWLY, THE RUNAWAY CAR
COASTS TO A HALT...**

**YOU DID IT,
HOURMAN!
YOU DID IT!**

**I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE
BOBBE JOB MEANS. THEY CAN'T
BE THINKING OF ROBBING THE
MILLIONAIRE BOBBE, BECAUSE
HE'S DEAD AND
HIS HOUSE
WAS SOLD.**

**AND I'D LIKE
TO KNOW WHY
THEY WANTED
OUR CLARINET!**

**SAY, BUT HE THE BOBBE
WHO LEFT A MYSTERY SAFE
TO A MUSEUM? I MEAN, THE
SAFE THAT NO ONE CAN
UNLOCK.**

**OF COURSE HOURMAN
HIT ON P. THORN-
DYKE! THEY'RE HEAD-
ED FOR THE MECH-
ANICAL MUSEUM...
AND SO ARE WE!
LET'S GO!**

**IN THE MUSTY HALLS OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN MECHANICS...**

**BOY ARE WE
LUCKY WE
LOCATED BOB-
BIE'S EX-SULT-
LER AND FOUND
OUT ABOUT THAT
OLD CLARINET!
OPENING THE
SAFE.**

**WE'RE EVEN
LUCKER TO HAVE
LOCATED THE
CLARINET. I
SEARCHED
EVERY HOCK-
SHOP IN THE CITY
BEFORE I GOT
ON THE TRAIL.**

**NOW LET'S SEE
THE COMBINATION
WAS THE FIRST,
THIRD, FOURTH AND
SEVENTH
KEYS...**

**OFF! IMAGINE
MUSIC OPENING
THAT STEEL
DOOR!**

**A HIGH NOTE, BOBBIE
WHISPERED THROUGH THE
MUSEUM! SLOWLY, THE
SAFE BEGINS TO OPEN...**

**LOOKIT! OH, BABY
LET'S GET OUR WHISTLES
ON BOBBIE'S ICE!**

THE NEXT INSTANT...

BOO!

**WE DONE
WHAT NO
ONE ELSE
COULD DO.**

**TRY THIS
TUNE ON YOUR
WHISTLE.**

YOU'RE OL' TA
TULE CHUMP
AND YOU'RE
OFF KEY!

OM!

OHNN, MY HEAD!
CAN'T I EVER
GET AWAY FROM
THIS KOP?

THE NAME'S
T-STONE'S
DYNA, MITE!

BEAT ME, DADDY
FIGHT TO THE BAR.

UGH!

24 HAMBONE
HOSKINS' MURTLE
FORM
STRIKES THE
DASHBOARD,
THE MODEL
BOWING
ROARS
INTO LIPS!

SOMETHING TELLS
ME I SHOULD BE
STOOD N BED!

N-N-S-S-Y!

WE'LL TEACH YOU
BOYS TO KEEP YOUR
NOSE TO THE
OR NOSTRILS!

W-W-S-S
N-N-A-O
S-S-N-OU-GH!

REMOVED
BY

WELL THORNDOYKE
HASVE CLEARED UP THE
CLARENCE MYSTERY AND
TAKEN CARE OF THE
HOSKINS MOB. I THINK
THE POLICE CAN TAKE
OVER FROM HERE ON.

I'LL
GET
'EM!

AND SO, ONCE AGAIN
PEACE COMES TO THE
HSP-CAT HIDEOUT IN
RUG-CUTTER ROW.

OHNNN! THAT
AWFUL MUSIC! WHY
DOESN'T HOURMAN
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THESE
NU-SANCES!

37
RACE
AROUND
THE CLOCK
WITH
HOURMAN
IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
ADVENTURE
COMICS!
THRILL-A-
MINUTE ACTION
THAT WILL GIVE
YOU THE TIME
OF YOUR LIFE!

THE melancholy song which had been accompanying the tinkling guitar stilled Quintesa Doba's quick fingers hooked the guitar's cord to saddle horn, stole to his guns. His body tensed as his eyes stared at the incredible scene. Slaughtered sheep were everywhere. His knees prodded the lean flanks of his pinto, headed the pony in the direction of Sam Pendleton's tiny house.

Quintesa Doba breathed. "What has happened here at the rancho of my so good friend Sam Pendleton?" He leaped from his horse in a single fluid motion, and the hands holding his guns were restless as his eyes when he entered the ranch house.

Sam Pendleton lay on the floor in the middle of the room. Blood matted the gray hair that brushed down his forehead. Anxiously, Quintesa Doba laid his ear to his friend's heart.

In a life that is lived dangerously, man learns many things most notable among them how to act in emergencies. A skilled surgeon would have marvelled at the dexterity and tenderness of Quintesa Doba's fingers as he extracted the bullet which lay a bare fraction of an inch below Sam Pendleton's heart.

He laid his friend on the cot. Sam was breathing easier now, but was still unconscious. Quintesa Doba sat in the sun outside the ranch house, puffing on a cheroot his mind active, his eyes and ears waiting and watching. This was unspeakable, this outrage. Sam Pendleton had no enemies. He was as square and honest with persons inside the law as he was with Quintesa Doba who spent much time outside it.

Quintesa Doba, at last sludging Marshall Campbell and his posse, had come to Sam Pendleton's place, as he had so often done in the past, to rest. Sam was one of the few men who did not look upon Quintesa Doba as an outlaw. Rightly, he knew him to be a modern cavalier fighting the cause of the oppressed. He got quickly to his

feet, his thoughts wattering. A low moan had come from the ranch.

"Quintesa Doba!" Sam Pendleton's pain-wracked face lighted with surprise and recognition.

"Who deed eet?"

Haltingly, Sam Pendleton explained. For some time now, he had been receiving mysterious messages. Unless he agreed to deposit a certain amount of money monthly at a designated spot, his sheep would be killed and his ranch house burned. He had refused. And last evening, a band of masked men had descended on him with a final warning. Angered, he had struck at the leader, who then shot him.

Quintesa Doba's coal-black eyes flashed. "I think, Senor Sam, I, Quintesa Doba, will find the man. You have some idea, maybe, who is this leader?"

Sam shook his head. His body stiffened. "Someone's coming." Outside, hoofbeats were heard. "Get in that closet."

Quintesa Doba slid in. A moment later a husky dark haired man with a scarred face appeared. An ejaculation of surprise came from his lips as the stranger saw the bandaged Sam. "Pendleton," he cried, rushing over. "What's happened?"

"I got a visit from the fellows you're paying tribute to," Sam said. "Maybe I should have paid off like you, Drake. They shot me and left me for dead."

"But those bandages?" The man's eyes were surprised. "How did you fix yourself up so well?"

"I didn't," Sam said dryly. "A friend helped me." He called to ward the closet. "Senor Gomez."

Quintesa, smiling, came out of the closet. It pleased him that Sam had remembered not to call out his right name.

"Senor Gomez," Sam exclaimed, "had, thinking my attackers were coming back. He is a handy man with guns."

Drake sighed. "I wish I could handle them. I would never pay tribute to those crooks."

SHARP EYES

by Eric Carter

Quintesa Doba's teeth flashed. "You think perhaps you know them, Senor Drake?"

Drake shook his head. "Wish I did," he said, bitterly. "But just the same I'm going to see Blondy Regan. He's the leading politician in this town, besides owning the Golden Dollar. Maybe he can see that Sam Pendleton should be left alone." He turned his gaze appealingly toward Sam. "Why don't you pay these fellows Sam?" he asked. "Then they'll leave you alone."

"Never!" Sam rose, fell weakly back into bed.

Quintesa Doba spoke to Drake. "I will go with you. Together we will make our demands."

Drake fidgeted. "Well, I can't go right now. I've got some fencing to do. Tell you what, Regan never gets up before three. That's a couple of hours from now. Why don't I meet you at the Golden Dollar?" He got up hastily, held out his hand which Quintesa Doba shook. The sunlight streamed in on Drake's wrist. "I'll look in on you tonight Sam," he said. "Good bye."

Sam Pendleton's gaze followed him out. Then he spoke. "There goes a yellow man," he said. "Neighbor or not?"

"I think I go see this Blondy Regan," Quintesa Doba said. "Tonight I will return, maybe with news. In the meantime, while I am in town, I send you a doctor."

Saturday crowds lined the streets in Rollins and the shops did a brisk business. Quintesa Doba noticed with distaste that the shiniest and newest store bore a sign "Western Union." He did not like to be reminded

of how this new telegraph plagued him. He was glad now that he had gotten into disguise. Astride Sam Pendleton's oldest horse, Quintess Doba looked like an old peon, as he dismounted and entered the Golden Dollar. His keen eyes noticed Drake's horse, tethered outside. Maybe now, the man would explain why he had come here, after saying he had to repair fences?

But inside, although Quintess Doba searched the faces of everyone, he did not see Drake. He was about to return to his drink when his bright eyes fell on a massive man, with light blonde hair, coming out of the office. This, Quintess Doba decided was Blondy Regan, the town boss.

Quintess Doba downed his drink and then a miraculous transformation took place.

Suddenly, strong hands grasped him from behind. He writhed, turned to look into the angry face of Blondy Regan.

"Come on, Outside!" Regan grated.

Quintess Doba pretended to struggle in Regan's grasp. "I wait to give a message to a man named Drake, a rancher."

Regan's grip relaxed. "Ed Drake?" he asked. "What do you want with him?"

Quintess's feet touched the floor. "I work for Senor Gomez," he whined, "who is visiting his so good friend, Sam Pendleton. My master, he tell me to wait for Mr. Drake and say he cannot come until tonight."

"I'll give him the message," Regan said, "if he comes in. I'm Blondy Regan and I'm always here."

Quintess Doba seemed overjoyed. "It is you my master will come to see tonight. You will do me the great honor of a drink, Senor."

"No," Regan growled. He nodded toward two cowboys. "Help this old goat out," he said. "And you, Jones, I want you to take a message to the telegraph office."

A moment later Quintess Doba picked himself up angrily

from the dusty street. A group of onlookers howled gleefully as he limped along the street. They did not see how bright were the eyes following the cowboy called Jones into the telegraph station when the waddy emerged from the saloon a moment later. Nor did they see Quintess Doba go into the telegraph office after the cowboy came out.

At ten o'clock that night, Blondy Regan sat alone in his office. There was a pile of bills on his desk but he was paying no heed to them. His narrow eyes were studying a reward poster upon which the face of Quintess Doba was reproduced. Then, he suddenly whirled, as he heard someone approach.

"Why, you old goat," he roared, reaching for a gun on the desk. "How'd you get in here?" His angry eyes darted to the grimy peon who stood before him. His eyes blinked as two guns suddenly appeared in the old man's hands.

But what was this? That was not the voice of an old man, saying, "Don't touch the gun, Senor. I never miss." A dirty hand flashed out, whipped off the grimy serape and Quintess Doba stood there!

Regan's face blanched. "Quintess Doba!"

"Surely you did not think Quintess Doba would fall into your trap? I know that even now, at the pass, Marshall Campbell, whom you notified by the cursed telegraph is waiting to ambush me!" Quintess Doba smiled. "Perhaps you are aware, Senor," he said softly, "that Campbell has sworn he will never take me alive?"

The Mexican serape pinned the man's arms, and Regan was captive. He writhed under the prodding of Quintess Doba's gun as it bit into his back, propelled him to the door. "Look," he gasped. "I'll . . . I'll pay you anything to let me go, I swear it. I can even find the man who shot Sam Pendleton!" Sweet stood out on his forehead. He didn't dare cry out, not even when Quintess Doba's arms

lifted him effortlessly on the horse in back of the saloon.

"I have found him," Quintess Doba said evenly. "And in a very short time he will pay for his crime."

"No!" A scream burst from Regan's lips. Quintess Doba's gun felled the man.

They met one on the trail out of town. Grim-faced, Quintess Doba thought this was only justice that it should be so. There was but a quarter moon in the sky, and the pass was in shadows when they reached it. Regan stirred, regained consciousness. In the darkness, his face was a frightened, white mask. His eyes looked mutely at Quintess Doba as the latter suddenly started to sing. Regan's lips worked, and over the tinkling guitar he cried hoarsely, "What are you doing? You fool—they'll kill us both!"

"Ah, no Senor! Quintess Doba's voice was merciless. "You make a mistake!" His eyes saw the pass looming before them. Thwack! The startled animal under Regan galloped off with the impact of Quintess Doba's inflicting hand! A scream came from Regan's lips as the horse entered the pass and there was the sudden crackling of gunfire as the men in ambush opened fire!

Low and melancholy was Quintess Doba's voice as he rode into the night. There would be no pursuit for some time. By the time Marshall Campbell and his men recovered from the surprise of their mistake, Quintess Doba would be safe across the border.

"And there," Quintess Doba promised himself, "I shall write my so good friend, Sam Pendleton, and apologize for not returning." He smiled happily. Pendleton would indeed be surprised to learn that his false neighbor, Drake, was truly yellow. A yellow blonde. The only mistake had been that Regan, when wearing a wig as Drake, forgot that the hair on a man's hands, when the head is dark, should also be dark too.

THE END

GAGS



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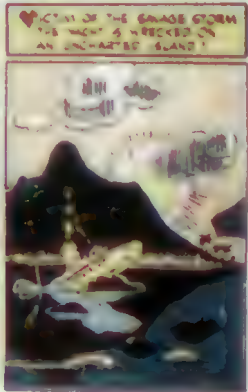
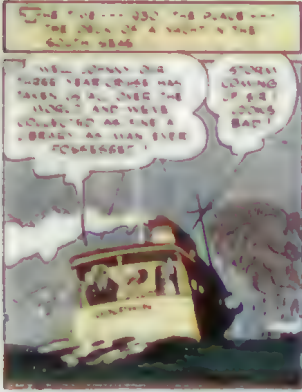
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STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION etc. Required by the ACT of CONGRESS of AUGUST 14, 1911 and MARCH 3, 1907, as amended, in connection with the issue of the 1st issue of the year 1954.

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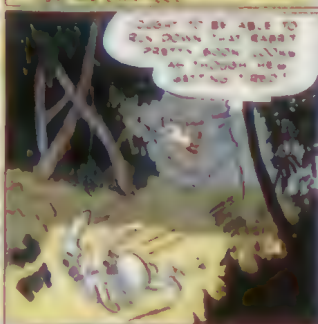
Genius Jones



THE SURVIVORS ARE JOHNNY JONES, NEPHEW OF THE LIEUTENANT, AND SEVEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE PRECIOUS BOOKS!



MARoonED ON A COCOROTTEN ISLAND THE JOHNNY JONES'S HOPED TO FIND THE OWN KID



NO FOR RECREATION

NOTHING TO DO BUT READ ALL DAY WELL THIS FINISHED SINGING "RELATIVES" NOW TO READ DAYS TEXT ON CHEMISTRY



FIVE YEARS PASS

NO MORE THAT ENOUGH OF THE ENJOYMENT A BRADYCA FOR TODAY SURE ILL HAVE TO HUNT FOR MY DINNER!



HAND ANOTHER FIVE YEARS

WELL THIS MAKES THE FIFTH TIME WE READ THIS THE GREAT GOT ALL THE BOOKS PRACTICALLY MEMORIZED



AND THEN ONE NIGHT AS JOHNNY SLEEPS DREAMING NOT OVER TEN YEARS IS IN TO BE RESCUED

A SHIP! THE KID TO PASS IN TEN YEARS IS IN TO BE RESCUED W-HAS TO MAKE A SCHEDULE OF THESE BOOKS!



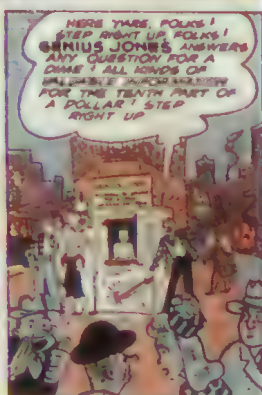
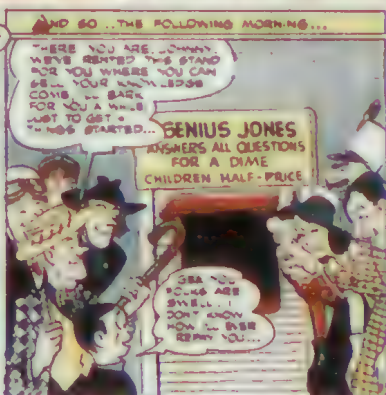
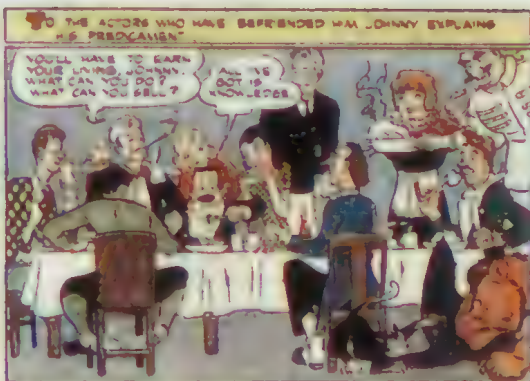
TOO BAD YOU HAD TO BURN ALL YOUR BOOKS BUDDY

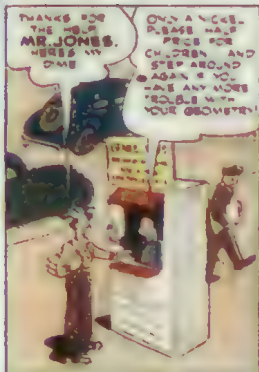
"I DON'T WANT TO BURN ANY MORE I COULD REMEMBER ALL OF THEM FROM MEMOIR"



AND WHEN HEARD WITH FIVE YEARS AND SEVEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE NEW BOOKS



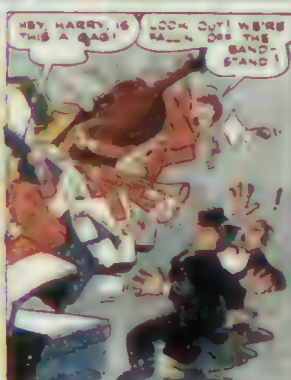


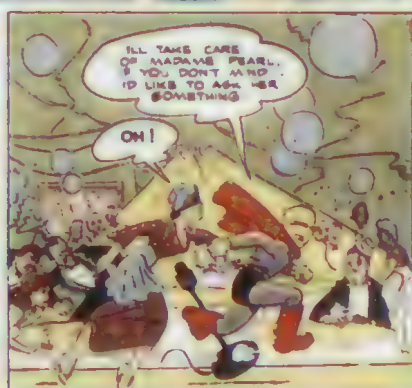
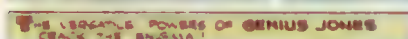
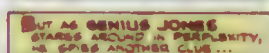
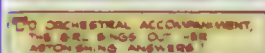


AND THIS IS BORN... GENIUS JONES.
THE ANSWER MAN!

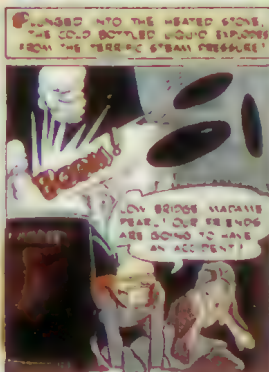
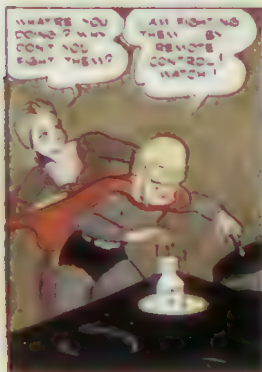


GENIUS JONES' BAND-TRAINED
MUSICAL PEOPLE WENT THROUGH
THE NIGHT WITH THE SPEED OF AN
ANTELOPE!





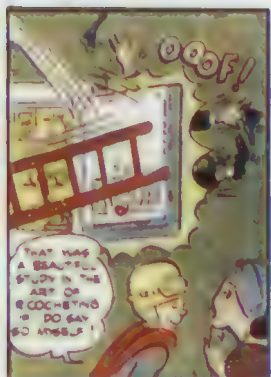
**DASHING BACK TO THE NIGHTCLUB
AFTER THE BUST**



**IDEA! AND GENIUS JONES
KICKS OUT A KEG SENDS IT
SPINNING**



**THE ROLLING KEG CRASHES INTO
THE LADDER LEGS**



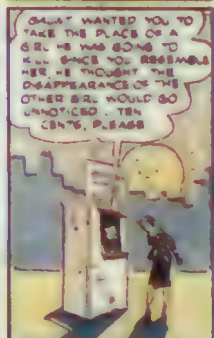
**YOU MAY CALL THE POLICE
MADAME PRIDE. I THINK FRIEND
GALAT AND COMPANY ARE
READY FOR THE HOOGBOON
BR... JAIL!**



AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...



NEXT MORNING...



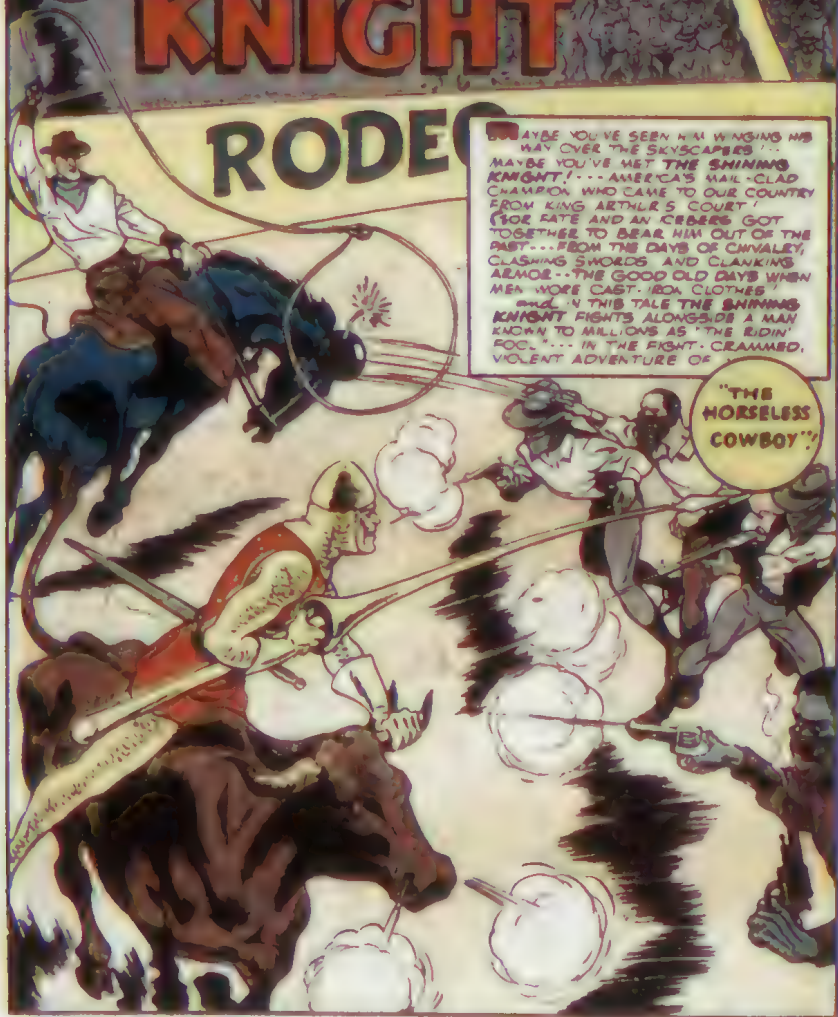
DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S
ANSWER COMIC!
BE ON HAND TO SEE
GENIUS JONES,
THE MAN WHO KNOWS ALL
THE ANSWERS (EXCEPT ONE),
BREAK UP A DESPERATE
FIFTH COLUMN IN
THE CRIMINAL MIND
BUY YOUR
WAR BONDS
BONDS
AND STANDARDS
TODAY!

The SHINING KNIGHT

RODEO

MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN HIM WINGING HIS WAY OVER THE SKYSCAPES!... MAYBE YOU'VE MET THE SHINING KNIGHT!... AMERICA'S MAIL-CLAD CHAMPION WHO CAME TO OUR COUNTRY FROM KING ARTHUR'S COURT! FOR KATE AND AN ICEBERG GOT TOGETHER TO BEAR HIM OUT OF THE PAST... FROM THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY, CLASHING SWORDS AND CLANKING ARMOR... THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN MEN WORE CAST-IRON CLOTHES! AND IN THIS TALE THE SHINING KNIGHT FIGHTS ALONGSIDE A MAN KNOWN TO MILLIONS AS "THE RIDIN' FOOL"... IN THE FIGHT, CRAMMED, VIOLENT ADVENTURE OF

"THE HORSELESS COWBOY!"



IN THE STABLES BEHIND THE MADISON ARENA... AND THE SHINING KNIGHT READIES HIS WINGED STEED FOR THE U.S.O. ROODEO...

"A GOOD SCOTCH, MY WINGED VICTORY... TONIGHT WILL WE SHOW AMERICANS A TASTE OF BATTLE AS IT WAS OF YORE, WHEN DRAGONS WERE THE FLAME THROATERS!"



...AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR... JOHNNY LENTON, "THE REDW FOOL," DOZ OF ROODEO FANS!"

COULD I TALK TO YOU A MINUTE? IT'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT

GOOD MR. BLADY WOULD I HOLD CONVERSE WITH YOU BUT... HARK! THE BUGLE SOUNDS MY CLUE



AND, WITH A FINAL PIST TO HIS CHARGE, THE SHINING KNIGHT LEAPS TO THE SADDLE... THE SHOW IS ON!

...AND AS THOUSANDS CHEER...

HURRAY FOR THE SHINING KNIGHT!"



AND HE'S RIDING HIS OWN HORSE, WINGED VICTORY

UNFURLING HIS WINGS, VICTORY SOARS HIGH ABOVE THE TROOPS...

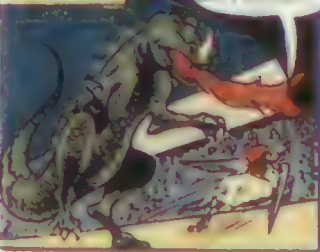
HE'S SKY-WRITIN

A round table Knight rides again,

HIS SWORD TREATED WITH CHEMICALS, THE SHINING KNIGHT SKY-WRITES!

THE SHINING KNIGHT'S SKYWE "IN"

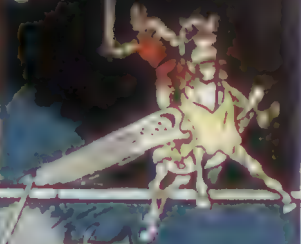
TRUL, AS A "DRAGON," SINGERS MENACINGLY DOWN



HAVE AT THEE, MONSTER! "I R VICTORY"

AND... JUST AS UP BIG CENTURIES BEFORE... THE SHINING KNIGHT CONQUERS ANOTHER DRAGON... BUT THIS TIME "IS A MECHANIZED RADIO-CONTROLLED MONSTER"

I am an American



WELL, FOLKS... THE SHINING KNIGHT HAS DEFEATED A DRAGON. NOW WE'LL SEE HOW HE STANDS UP TO BULLETS."



A WEEK OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE RAINS AT THE MAN OF YESTERDAY

SAID, "YOUR THE NEXT ACT!!"

CAN'T HANDLE BLACK KING... HE'S ALMOST OUT OF CONTROL!!

I WOULD I COULD DO SOMETHING FOR YOU... IN BOOTH, YOUR FINE BEAST DANCETH LIKE A... A... JITTERBUG!!

I GUESS WE'RE REALLY HAD SOMETHING WHEN HE MADE THAT MAGIC ARMOR, BOYS! WE COULD USE IT TODAY!

FORSOOTH, BUT WITH A SUIT LIKE THIS I WILL NEVER CHANGE TAILORES!

NEXT ON THE PROGRAM... JOHN FENTON, THE RIDIN' FOOL!!



SUDDENLY... BLACK KING GOES WILD!

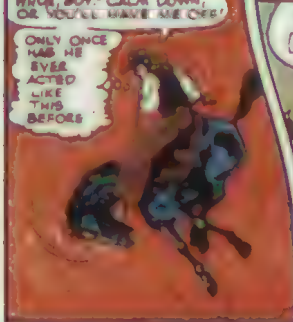
WHA, BOY! CALM DOWN, OR YOU'LL HAVE ME OFF!

ONLY ONCE HAS HE EVER ACTED LIKE THIS BEFORE

HELP! HELP!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, FOLKS. JOHNNY'S NOT HURT! JUST BRUISED A LITTLE

BOO! COWARD!



MINUTES LATER

THAT CROWD BOOED ME. THEY THINK I'M A COWARD

N. O. D. E. N. T. H. E. S. W. O. U. L. D. I. S. A. Y. T. H. E. B. E. A. S. T. H. A. D. A. S. P. E. L. P. U. N. U. P. O. N. M. E. T. O. D. A. Y. W. E. N. E. E. D. M. U. S. T. S. E. A. R. C. H. F. O. R. A. D. I. F. F. E. R. E. N. T. C. A. U. S. E.

THE SHINING KNIGHT LIFTS THE SADDLE FROM BLACK KING'S BACK

SEE THIS LITTLE GOAD CUNNINGLY HIDDEN IN THE SADDLE ITSELF

THAT GOAD WAS SET TO COME OVER THE ONE SPOT ON BLACK KING'S BACK WHERE HE'S SUPER-SENSITIVE. ONLY ONE MAN BESIDES MYSELF KNOWS OF THAT PLACE...AND HE'S DEAD!!

LOLA IN FENTON'S APARTMENT MENT

SOME YEARS AGO I JOINED MACON'S CIRCUS. OUTRIT... I WAS SEVENTEEN BUT ALREADY AN EXPERT RIDER. MACON MADE MONEY ON ME, PRESENTLY, I DISCOVERED...

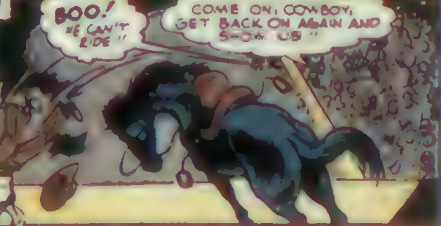




...WELL, I RODE ON TO DO MY ACT-- BLACK KING WAS ACTING STRANGELY-- WILDLY--



BUDDEENLY, HE HURLED ME FROM THE SADDLE--



--SHAKING FROM MY NARROW ESCAPE, I WENT BACKSTAGE--



I WAS THE BIG DEAL WITH MACON'S OUTRIP-- AFTER I LEFT, THE TAKINGS FELL STEADILY-- THEN ONE DAY THE WHOLE OUTRIP WENT UP IN FLAMES-- ONE BADLY CHARRED BODY WAS IDENTIFIED AS MACON'S



YEARS LATER, I BECAME FAMOUS-- BUT SOMEHOW I FEEL MACON NEVER DIED-- THAT HE'S STILL AFTER REVENGE-- AND I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER RIDE AGAIN!



NEXT DAY, A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN SEES THE ADVICE OF THE CURATOR OF THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM PROFESSOR MORESBY



FOR JUSTIN IS NONE OTHER THAN THE SHINING KNIGHT!

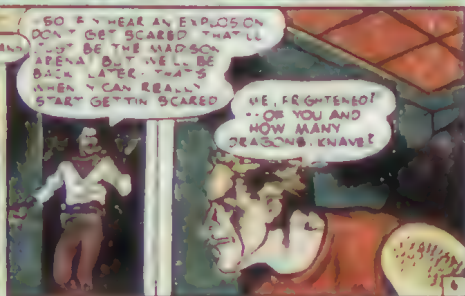
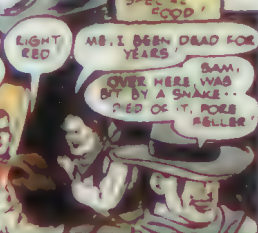




...AND HIS UNCONSCIOUS FORM IS SACEREMONIOUSLY BUNDLED INTO A WAITING CAR.

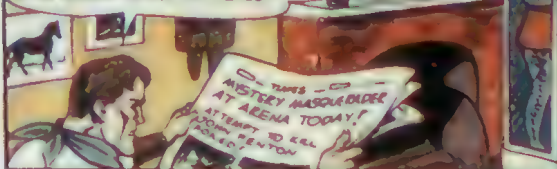


BUT THERE'S SUCH A THING AS PLAYING POSSUM--THE SHINING KNIGHT'S DANGLING HAND DEFTLY HOOKS A SMALL BAG TO THE LICENSE PLATE.



BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, THE REAL FENTON, NERVOUS PACES HIS RENT-HOUSE APARTMENT...

I KNOW MACON'S GOT HIM... I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF IT, SOMEHOW! IF HE HADN'T TAKEN MY PLACE...



GOT IT! "I'LL RIDE AGAIN" I HAVE VICTORY, AND THE SHINING KNIGHT'S HELMET AND SWORD... THAT OLD PROP SUIT OF ARMOR! HMM... A LITTLE GILT PAINT...



IF GOES SHOPPING....

GOLD PAINT? YES, SR. FOR YOUR RADIATOR, I SUPPOSE!

SR... YES YES WANT TO DRESS IT UP A BIT YOU KNOW



A FEW MINUTES LATER... ABOUT THE SHINING KNIGHT LOOK FENTON'S PART AND NOW...

WELL, VICTORY GETTING THE SCENT?



SOON... VICTORY SHAUFFLES THE SCENT TEAL BLAZED BY THE SHINING KNIGHT...

JOYE HE'S PICKED IT UP! WE'RE OFF!

LOOK... THERE'S THE SHINING KNIGHT!!

GEE, I WISH HE'D MAKE HIS HORSE FLY!



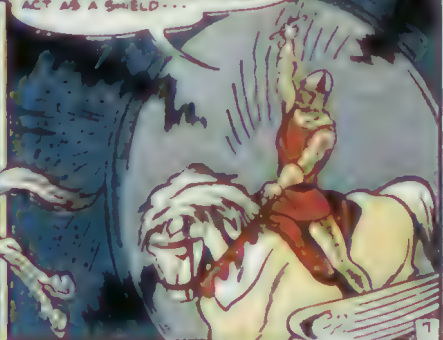
JAL SCENT GROWS STRONGER... AND STILL STRONGER

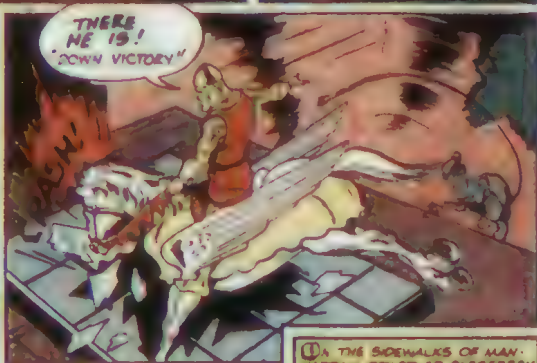
THE KNIGHT'S IN THERE ALL RIGHT! SAY THESE BULLETS ARE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT... AND THIS ARMOR 'SNT BULLET-PROOF!

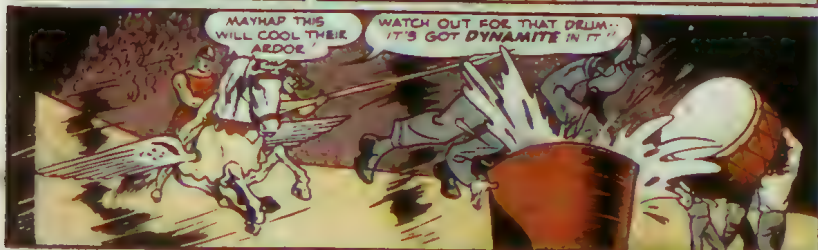
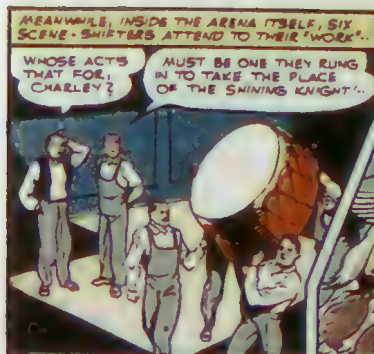


LARIAT-TRAINED WEST TWIRLS A MAGIC SWORD!

"ONLY I CAN KEEP WHIRLING THIS SWORD FAST ENOUGH, IT WILL ACT AS A SHIELD..."







THE LARIAT SNAKES THROUGH THE AIR
CIRCLES THE BOMB...



BUT IS THERE TIME? IS THERE?

...AND AS FENTON PITS ALL HIS SKILL, ALL HIS DEXTERITY
AGAINST FLAMING, EXPLOSIVE DOOM...THE SHINING
KNIGHT PREPARES TO ROUT THE REMAINING KILLERS!

GADDOGS...
SEEMS I MUST
TURN TOREADOR!



S'DEATH--BUT WILL I
BULL-Y YONDER
SCRUBBY RECREANTS!



WELCOME
HOME, BOYS



SECONDS HAVE PASSED--
SECONDS CHARGED WITH
MENACE! FENTON WHIELS
HIS DEADLY CATCH IN
MID-AIR...

HOPE HE
MAKES
IT!



---AND SWINGS HIS BURDEN OF DEATH---TO
EXTINCTION!!

THANK HEAVEN!
THE WATER WILL
DESTROY THE
BOMBS---THE
AUDIENCE IS
SAFE NOW!

THOU ART A HERO 'FAILING
YOUR COURAGE, THIS
GOODLY ASSEMBLAGE
WOULD EVEN NOW BE A
RUINS 'KING ARTHUR HIM-
SELF WOULD HAVE
COMMENDED YOU TO THE
TABLE ROUND!!

SHOCKED REALIZATION OF THE DRAMA THEY HAVE
JUST SEEN PLAYED CAME TO THE VAST AUDIENCE
AS THE SHINING KNIGHT EXPLAINS...

--A DRAMA, FORSOOTH, BUT ONE WITH ACTORS
IN EARNEST 'AND, THANKS TO JOHN FENTON,
ITS ENDING WAS A HAPPY ONE 'AND NOW WE
SHALL GIVE YOU A SHOW TO BANISH FROM
YOUR MINDS ALL THOUGHTS OF TRAGEDY.



"...THE SHINING KNIGHT AND
JOHN FENTON, 'THE RIDN' FOOL'
---TOGETHER--

I'M SURE GLAD COWS
CAN'T FLY...



...OR ROUNDUP
WOULD BE TRICKY
WORK INDEED!



WIERIAL SNAP- THE WHIP '...

FINALLY...V--ON WINGED VICTORY!

WHOOPEE!

WE DEDICATE OUR LITTLE EXHIBITION
TO BRAVERY EVERYWHERE IN EVERY
TIME-- TO THE FIGHTING MEN, THE
BOWMEN AND KNIGHTS OF MY DAY
---AND TO THE SOLDIERS AND
SAIORS, THE AIRMEN OF
TODAY!



The days of
old when
knights were
bold are here
again!

Read about
modern feats
of the Round
Table Knight
in every issue
of
Adventure
Comics!

LAFES

IS THERE ANY PLACE TO
GO FISHING AROUND
HERE?

OASIS
HOTEL

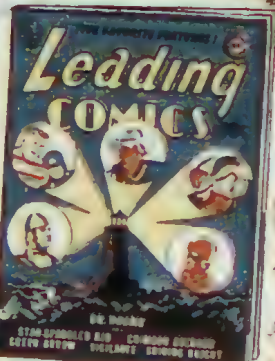
LAST ONE AROUND
IS A SISSY!

LOOK OUT, JOHN! IT
MAY BE LOADED!

SURE-FIRE FORMULA!

MIX EQUAL PARTS OF YOUR
FIVE FAVORITE FEATURES---
GREEN ARROW, VIGILANTE,
STAR-SPANGLED KID,
CRIMSON AVENGER AND
SHINING KNIGHT---AND

WOW! LOOK
WHAT YOU
GET!!



DON & NANCY
Magicians ENTERTAIN
THEIR FRIENDS!

IT'S A SWELL TRICK THAT YOU CAN DO, TOO!

AND OF THE DEPT. OF THE ARMY

AND AN EARTH-
SHAKING
QUAKE
WHAT A
WONDERFUL
DAY!

MOTHER WHEN SHE
 MARY AND HER TWO
 COME OVER TELLING
 NIGHT CAN WE SHOW
 THEM A WELL TOLD

ALL THIS
 ALL THIS
 WELL, YES
 CHILDREN DO

DIE! DON FIRST PUT A TEN BAG OF NUTS ON THE TABLE!

NOW, THEN, INTO EACH OF THESE GLASSES, I POUR SOME OF THIS SPECIAL LIQUID. PLEASE, BE CAREFUL!

[illegible]

OHAY!

DO IT AGAIN, SON

IT'S A SALTY BUT

THAT'S A TASTE YOU'RE KNOWING

DUE A BOWL, JUST THIS SURE IS GOOD

A REAL THIRST QUENCHER



DID YOU KNOW! THE
 LADY IS WAITING THE
 AGE IS THE SAME!
 WITH CANDY & SUGAR
 AND THE MISTERY IS
 NEARLY A MILLION
 ADOOR-AID AND THE MISTERY IS
 THE SAME AND THE MISTERY IS
 THE SAME AND THE MISTERY IS
 THE SAME AND THE MISTERY IS

BOYS GIRLS TRY KOOL-AID'S LATEST TREAT

A NEW BUBBLE GUM THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

COOL-AID® is a new Bubble Gum in the coolest gum you've tasted. It's made in two different, fun-tasting flavors: Giant and Juicy. It's like a New-Aid® Juice-Aid®. You get a great big bubble that stays a perfect, soft-to-the-kiss bubble. And it has the sweetest taste you can imagine. The inside is soooooo yummy!

New Bubble Gum is available in all major grocery stores and drug stores. Look for it in the gum aisle.

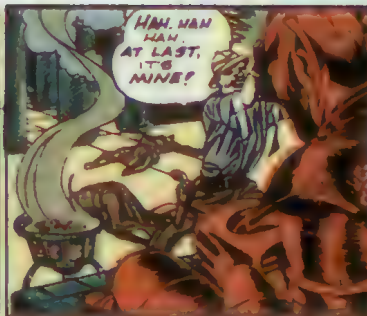
KOOL-AID SOFT DRINK POWDERS AND KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM ARE WHOLESOME PRODUCTS
MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY PERKINS PRODUCTS CO., 5335 W. 65th ST., CHICAGO

MANHUNTER

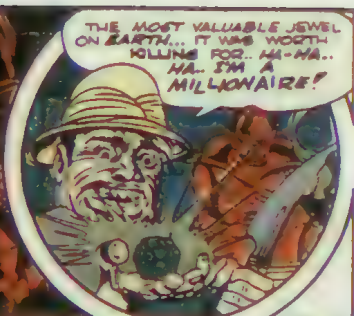
MANY ARE THE STORIES OF FABULOUS
EAGLES WHICH HAVE OF REED SUCH
SPEED AS THE HEARTS OF MEN. THAT THE
QUESTIONS HAVE BEEN ASKED: "THE
POWERS ARE LOCKED IN THE SERVO MECH-
ANISMS HERE SUCH A TALE BUT WITH
A DIFFERENCE... FOR WHEN THE JUNGLE
TRAINED MANHUNTER BRINGS HIS NEW MUGGLES AND
LIGHTNING WING TO THE PERILOUS TASK OF BRING
AN APPALLING HORDE OF MURDERERS THAT REACH
AROUND THE WORLD THE STONE OF VENGENCE
MATERIALIZES LIKE A GEM AT THE END OF THE RAY
THAT FLASH FROM "THE STONE OF VENGEANCE!"



The
SCARLET
TRAIL
OF A
PRICELESS
GREEN
JEWEL
BEGINN
IN A
PAGAN
TEMPLE
IN A
REMOTE
CORNER
OF
BURMA
!!



HAN. HAN
HAN.
AT LAST,
IT'S
MINE!



THE MOST VALUABLE JEWEL
ON EARTH... IT WAS WORTH
KILLING FOR. HA-HA...
HA... I'M A
MILLIONAIRE!

THE TRAIL LEADS ON TO A DARKENED
ALLEY IN RANGOON...

HIS JEWEL
WILL BRING
A GREAT
PROFIT!

...AND BRINGS TREACHERY IN A
CELLAR RETREAT OF CRIMINALS!

DEATH
TO THE
INFIDEL DOG!



SPARE
ME, ALI!
I AM YOUR
COMRADE!

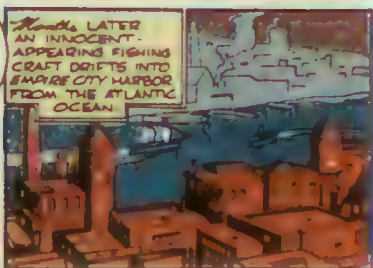
A MAN WITH RICHES
IN HIS GRASP NEEDS
NO COMRADES!



I AM WEALTHY AS A PRINCE
OF THE BLOOD! I SHALL GO
TO AMERICA AND SELL THE
JEWEL TO THOSE
GEM SMUGGLERS
I HAD DEALINGS
WITH!



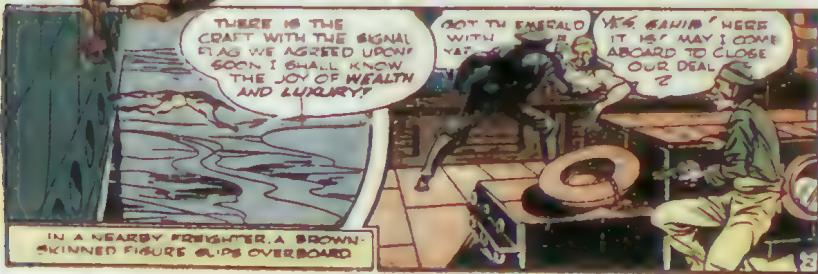
LATER
AN INNOCENT-
APPEARING FISHING
CRAFT DRIFTS INTO
EMPIRE CITY HARBOR
FROM THE ATLANTIC
OCEAN.



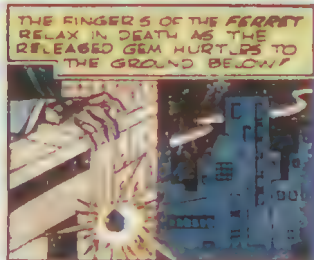
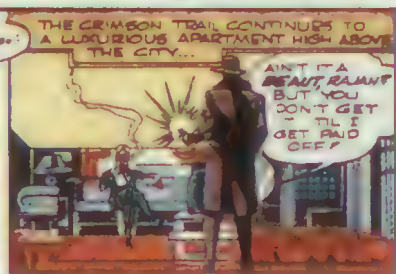
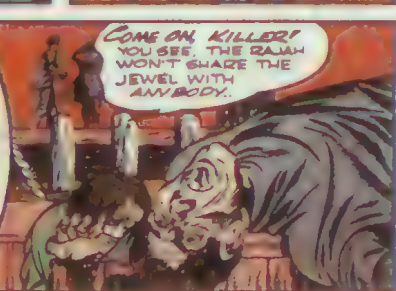
THERE IS THE
CRAFT WITH THE SIGNAL
FLAG WE AGREED UPON!
SOON I SHALL KNOW
THE JOY OF WEALTH
AND LUXURY!

NOT THE EMERALD
WITH
YAT...

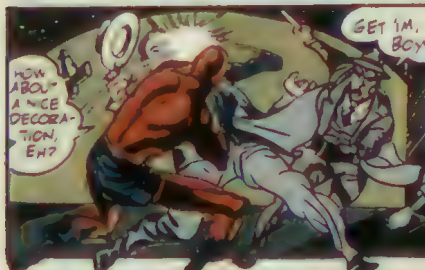
YES, SAHIB! HERE
IT IS! MAY I COME
ABOARD TO CLOSE
OUR DEAL?

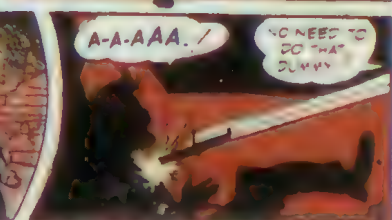
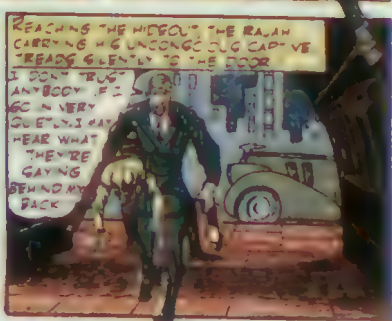
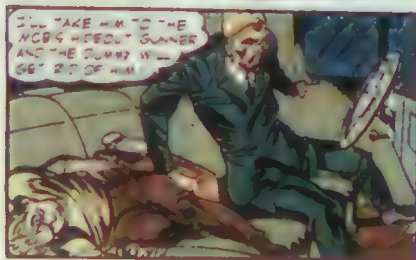
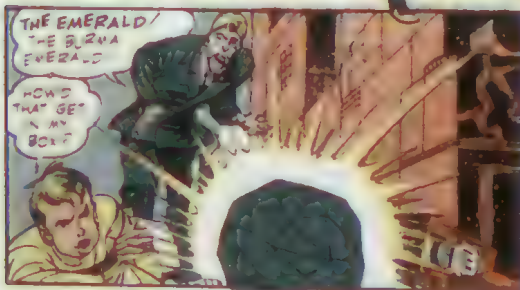


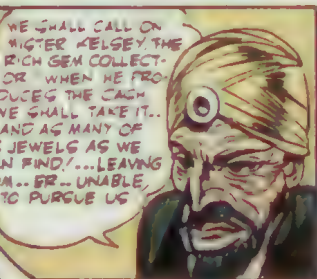
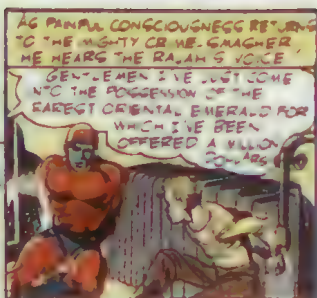
IN A NEARBY FREIGHTER, A BROWN-
SKINNED FIGURE GLIPS OVERBOARD











YOU WON'T
BE AWAY - N5
- VE RAJAN

YOU WON'T
BE AWAY IN 5
YEARS

MANHUNTER!
UGH!

HA HA HA... NOW IT'S MINE!

HA HA HA... NO
- 5 MINE /

A-A-A-A-H!

BANG!
BANG!

WILL KEEP YOU
FROM ANY MORE
SHOOTING

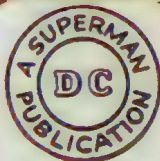
MEN HAVE KILLED...
 ...AND.. BEEN KILLED..
 FOR MANY OF MY GENG-
 ...NOW.. IT'S MY TURN..
 ... SLESS.. I.. DESERVE
 IT... I.. UGH...

YOURS WAS THE
WAY OF EVIL,
KE. GEY... I'M
SORRY
FOR YOU

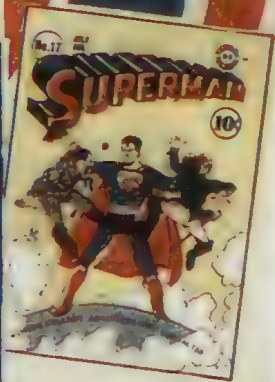
THE COPS ARE
ON THE WAY.
HUNTER... SAYS
AREN'T YOU AFRAID
TO TALK TO
EMERALD
ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED?

AN HONEY
MAN NEED
FEAR
NOTHING

HIS EMERALD IGN
DANGEROUS. JOHNNY
THE MEN WHO HANDED
IT EARNED THEIR OWN
REWARDS. KELLEY'S
SELFISHNESS FINISHED
HIM. THE RAJAH
AND HIS MOB
WILL GET
THE CHAIR
FOR KILLING
THE
OTHERS



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

the SANDMAN

in

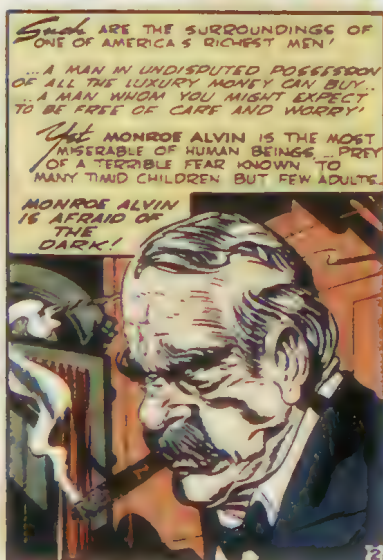
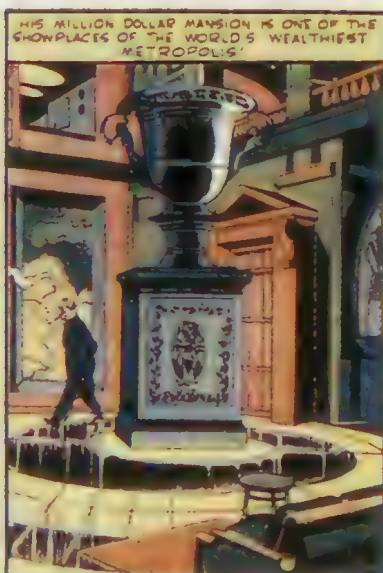
DREAMS & DOOM

CO-STARRING
SANDY
THE GOLDEN
BOY!

DID YOU EVER
WONDER WHERE NIGHT
MARES COME FROM,
THOSE FRIGHTENING
DREAMS THAT POUNCE
ON US OUT OF THE
DARKNESS EVERY SO
OFTEN TO GALLOP
ROUGH & RUDY OVER
OUR SLUMBERS?

THEY HAVE BEEN BLAMED
ON MEALS AT BOTTLES
TOO MUCH WORRY,
ON A THOUSAND AND
ONE CAUSES, BUT HERE
IS A STRANGE STORY
IN WHICH THE SAND-
MAN AND HIS YOUNG
PARTNER, SANDY...
THOSE BOLD ROVERS
OF THE NIGHT, WHOSE
EXPLOITS AGAINST
ILLUSTrious ART LEGEN-
dary... TRACK FEARFUL
NIGHTMARES TO THE 2
EVIL SOURCES TO SMASH
AN AMAZING CRIMINAL
PLOT AND, AT THE
RISK OF THEIR LIVES,
RESCUE AN INNOCENT
VICTIM FROM
"DREAMS OF
DOOM"!

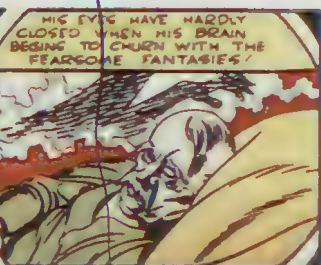
By
JOE SIMON
— AND —
JACK KIRBY



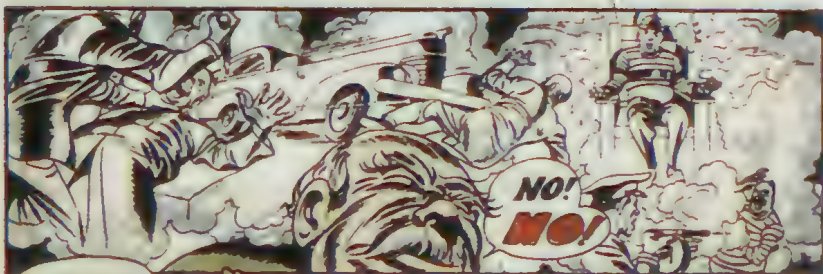


DON'T TURN OUT ANY LIGHTS I'M GOING TO SLEEP, BUT NOT FOR LONG!

H'I DORE YOU SLEEP BETTER THAN LAST NIGHT, SIR! THOSE ORRIBLE DREAMS HARE PYEN! YOU WILL, SIR!



NO!
NO!

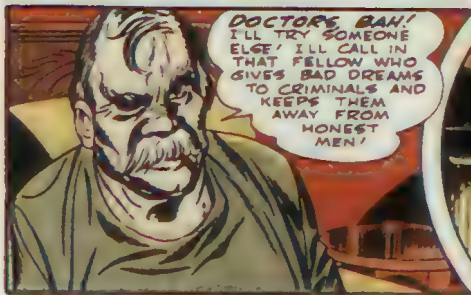


THERE! THERE! MISTER ALVIN! H EVERYTHING'S HALL RIGHT!

No!
No!



THOSE AWFUL DREAMS! I'LL GO MAD! THE DOCTORS SAY THEY'LL EVENTUALLY DISAPPEAR... BUT THEY'LL WEAR ME OUT FIRST!



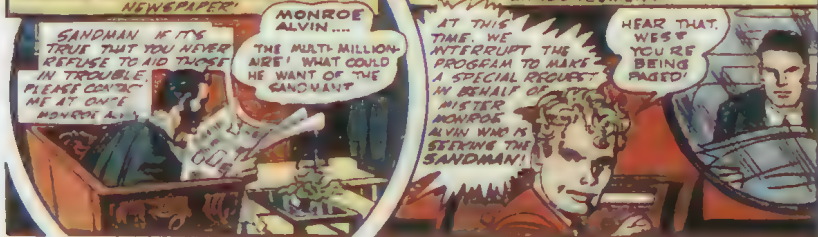
DOCTORS, BAH! I'LL TRY SOMEONE ELSE! I'LL CALL IN THAT FELLOW WHO GIVES TO CRIMINALS AND KEEPS THEM AWAY FROM HONEST MEN!



I'M GOING TO CALL THE SANDMAN!

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON WESLEY DODDS SOCIETY PLAYBOY, FINDS A STRANGE MESSAGE IN THE "BOONY" COLUMN OF A NEWSPAPER!

ALMOST AT THE SAME MOMENT DODDS' LITTLE PAL, SANDY MANHATTAN HEARS AN UNUSUAL RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT!



SANDMAN IF IT'S TRUE THAT YOU NEVER REFUSE TO AID THOSE IN TROUBLE, PLEASE CONTACT ME AT ONCE MONROE ALVIN

MONROE ALVIN... THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE! WHAT COULD HE WANT OF THE SANDMAN?

AT THIS TIME, WE INTERRUPT THE PROGRAM TO MAKE A SPECIAL REQUEST IN BEHALF OF MISTER MONROE ALVIN WHO IS SEEKING THE SANDMAN!

HEAR THAT, WES? YOU'RE BEING PAGED!

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, THE MENTION OF THE SANDMAN'S NAME CAUSES A TREMOR OF FEAR!

ALVIN IS GOAWKING FOR THE SANDMAN SO WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!... TONIGHT!

OHAY! THE SANDMAN'S POISON... BUT SO ARE WE!



AGAIN, NIGHT DRAWS ITS OBSCURE CURTAIN OVER THE CITY, AND TWO LITTLE FIGURES SLIP FROM WIFE DODDS' HOME... INTO THE SHADOWS

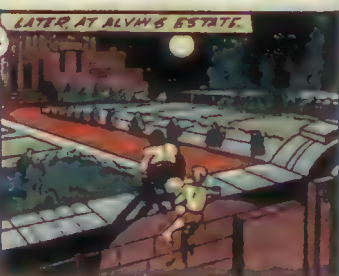
NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT SORT OF TROUBLE ALVIN HAS THAT MONEY CAN'T FIX!

AS LONG AS IT'S EXCITING... I WON'T COMPLAIN!



ADVENTURE IS WHAT I CRAVE!

ALL LIFE IS ADVENTURE, IF YOU LIVE IT RIGHT!



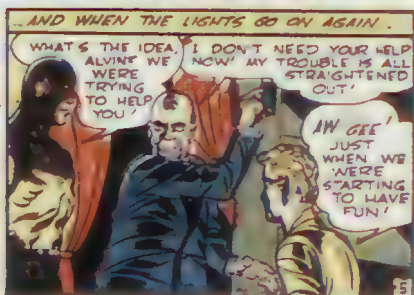
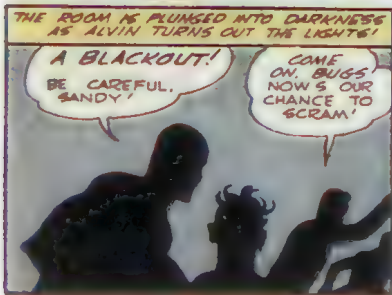
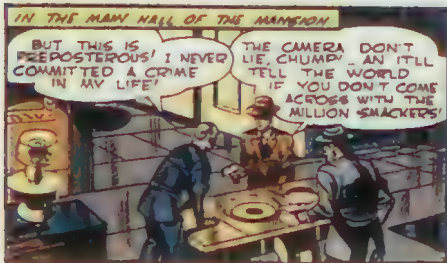
LATER, AT ALVIN'S ESTATE.

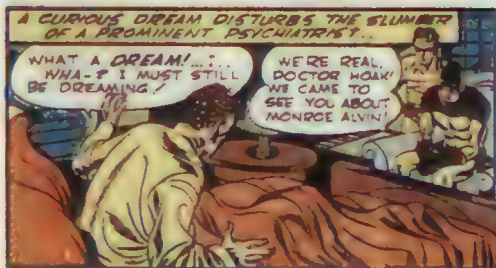
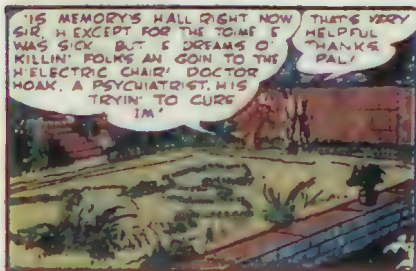


WE COULD RING THE DOORBELL, BUT SOMETIMES IT PAYS TO BE CAREFUL!



I'LL SAY IT DOES! LOOK SANDMAN!

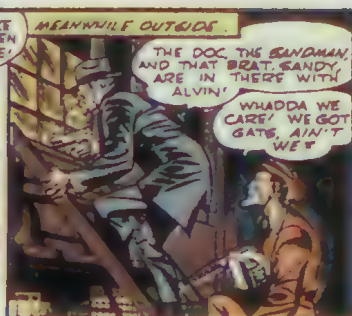






I'VE JUST AWAKENED FROM A DREAM IN WHICH IT SEEMED YOU SAVED ME FROM ALL MY DIFFICULTIES! IT GAVE ME A NEW HOPE!

DREAMS LIKE THAT OFTEN COME TRUE!



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE...

THE DOC, THE SANDMAN, AND THAT BRAT, SANDY, ARE IN THERE WITH ALVIN!

WHADDA WE CARE! WE GOT GATE, AIN'T WE?



A SECOND LATER!

BE NICE OR WE'LL CHOP YA DOWN!



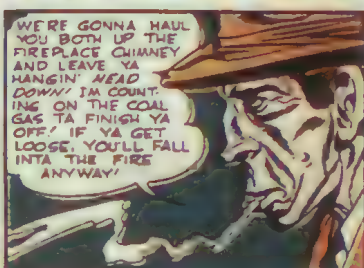
NO FIGHTING YET, SANDY! THERE ARE OTHERS IN DANGER BESIDES US!

OKAY! BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!



WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?

I'LL TELL YA, SANDMAN!



WE'RE GONNA HAUL YOU BOTH UP THE FIREPLACE CHIMNEY AND LEAVE YA HANGIN' HEAD DOWN! I'M COUNTING ON THE COAL GAS TA FINISH YA OFF! IF YA GET LOOSE, YOU'LL FALL INTO THE FIRE ANYWAY!



THE SADISTIC BUGS BARON IS AS COLDBLOODED AS HIS WORD! AMID ALVIN'S PROTESTS, THE SANDMAN AND SANDY ARE SOON SUSPENDED BY THEIR FEET IN THE MASSIVE FIREPLACE!

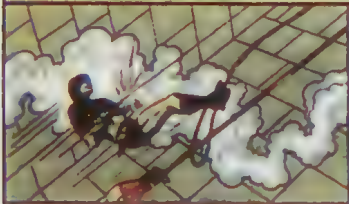
WHAT A TERRIBLE WAY TO GO OUT! I WOULDN'T CARE SO MUCH IF IT WEREN'T FOR SANDY!

THIS HEAT! IT'S AWFUL!

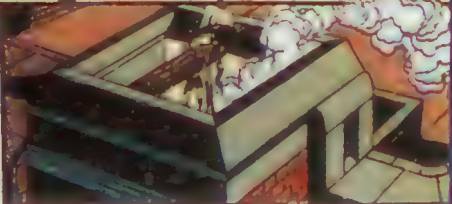


IN DESPERATE MOMENTS, THE SANDMAN'S NIMBLE MIND REACHES QUICK DECISIONS. HE FREE FINGERS FUMBLE FOR HIS WIREFORM GUN!

TAKING UNERRING AIM, THE SANDMAN'S WIRE-POON UNLEASHES ITSELF IN THE CENTER LOG ABOVE. THE AUTOMATIC RETELING WIRE DRAWS HIM SWIFTLY UPWARD!



THE SANDMAN, ONCE ON TOP, THROWS OFF HIS LOOSEND BOND'S AND FALLS THE HALF-SMOTHERED BOY UP AFTER HIM!



TAKE A DEEP BREATH, KID. BECAUSE WE'RE GOING THROUGH IT AGAIN. IT'S THE ONE THING THEY WOULDN'T BE EXPECTING!



ALL RIGHT, IF YOU SAY SO, PAL!

BELOW, IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE MANSION!

THESE BONDS MAKE UP THE REST OF THE MILLION! NOW GIVE ME THOSE PHOTO-GRAPHS!

SOME OF THEM, MONEY BAGS - AN WE'LL KEEP SOME IN CASE WE NEED MORE DOUGH!



WITHOUT WARNING, TWO HUMAN BOMB-SHELLS BURST IN UPON THE SCENE FROM THE GREAT FIREPLACE!



DID I HEAR SOMEONE PAGING SANDY CLAUDE?

SHOOT! TORCH! SHOOT! IT'S THE SANDMAN!!

I'VE MESSED AROUND ENOUGH WITH YOU HOODLUMS! THIS IS YOUR LAST DUSTING OFF!



THE SANDMAN AND SANDY QUICKLY SUBDUDE THEIR ADVERSARIES AND BIND THEM TIGHTLY!

NICE WORK SANDMAN! PERMIT ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU!

WHAT?

THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS GAPE AT HOAK'S VEIL IN SURPRISE... THEN BOTH MOVE WITH LIGHTNING SWIFTNESS!

SEE HERE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

IT'S YOUR WATCH CHARM, HOAK! I SHOULD HAVE NOTICED IT BEFORE!

THIS IS THE WATCH CHARM WORN BY ONE OF THE MEN IN THE BLACKMAIL PHOTO! YOU ARE THAT MAN, HOAK!

HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME?

WHY, THAT EXPLAINS THE MISSING THREE DAYS! THREE DAYS... IN WHICH YOU SNATCHED ALVIN FROM THE SCENE OF THE AUTO ACCIDENT AND IN HIS STATE OF SHOCK AND AMNESIA, YOU USED HIM TO POSE FOR THOSE CRIME PICTURES!

YOU!... PRETENDING YOU WERE TRYING TO CURE ME... AND ALL THE TIME TRYING TO RUN ME IN!

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THAT MILLION BUCKS, YOU OLD GOAT!

DON'T GET FRESH, YOU CROOK!

I THINK I'LL DONATE THAT MILLION TO A WORTHIER CAUSE! WHAT DO YOU THINK, SANDMAN??

OUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR, MISTER ALVIN! ANYTHING YOU CONTRIBUTE WILL GIVE US MORE PLANES AND TANKS!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING

NO-HUM! WE DIDN'T GET MUCH SLEEP LAST NIGHT, DID WE?

NO, BUT HAD WE BEEN ASLEEP, JUSTICE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CHEATED OF A BUNCH OF SLICK CRIMINALS!

THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!

ALL THE THRILLS AND HEROIC ACTION OF WORLD WAR II ARE PACKED INTO THE SAGA OF THE

BOY COMMANDOS

... THE WAR STRIP THAT IS HUMAN AND DIFFERENT!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE **BOY COMMANDOS** FROM THE COLD WASTES OF NORWAY TO THE BURNING SANDS OF LIBYA! ... YOU CAN FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH THEM IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF **DETECTIVE COMICS!** DON'T MISS IT!

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

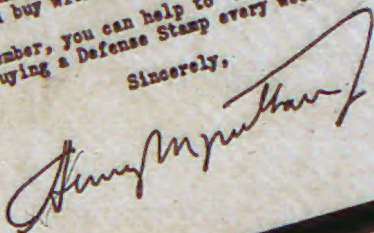
Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,



FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE AND VICTORY!

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS

(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L.
He's full of ideas

I just finished building this plane to send.

I'm sending my train set, I registered it like that!

I made this airplane for some British boy!



EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET VIRGINIA D.
She's a true patriot

Count me in!

Do you all pledge to buy Defense Stamps every week?

I pledge!



IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!)

MEET TOMMY R.
That boy does everything well!

A double jack-knife! Gosh!

Give him this Tootsie Roll. He'll need extra food-energy after all this!



EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty... he has plenty of pep! His day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.

UNCLE SAM SAYS: "Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose—give you quick food-energy.

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!

1¢ AND 5¢

TOOTSIE WINS, TOO!

The winner in any popularity contest! More children and grown-ups love Tootsies than any other candy!



Only **TOOTSIE** POW have a Heart!

Fruity Outside—but with Cherry Tootsie Roll Inside. Only 1¢.

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY—Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS
(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L.
He's full of ideas



I just finished knitting this scarf to send.

I made this airplane for some British boy!

I'm sending my train set. I repainted it like new!

EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET VIRGINIA D.
She's a true patriot



Do you all pledge to buy Defense Stamps every week?

Count me in!

I sure do!

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Only TOOTSIE POPS have a Heart!

Fruity Outside—but with Chewy Tootsie Roll Inside. Only 1¢.

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY—Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy